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# IN CAMP

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BY REV. WM. F. BROADDUS, D. D.

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*Here I am*,—far away from home, and loving friends, and long-cherished associations: from all that makes life dear to me. And why *am I here*? Was it merely that I might be an actor in scenes novel and exciting, that I turned my back on the delights of home, and subjected myself to the untold trials and privations of camp-life, and to the fearful dangers of the battle-field? Let me consider. If I can satisfy myself that I am *right* in being here, conscious rectitude will reconcile me to my present privations, and nerve my arm for the deadly conflict, whenever I may be called to meet it.

1. *I am here*, because a numerous and powerful enemy has invaded my country, and threatened our subjugation. Long had the two sections of this great country lived together in harmony, under a "Constitution" framed by men whose wisdom and integrity have seldom been equalled. The manufacturing and commercial pursuits of the "North," and the agricultural habits of the "South," seemed to create a mutual dependence, which by many was supposed to

constitute a bond of union, too strong to be broken. For many years this bond was held as sacred, and all over the land a spirit reigned, ready to respond to the sentiment, "palsied be the tongue that would utter the word '*disunion*.'" While this harmony, so delightful to remember, continued, the country prospered to a degree which astonished all Europe. But evil counsels at length obtained in the heart of the great *North*, and by steady encroachments, pressed for years, the sacred safe-guards provided by the *Constitution*, were, one after another overthrown, and one section of the country was found using the power which numerical strength supplied, to oppress the other. *This brought me here.*

2. *I am here*, because those who once called us *friends*, now call us *rebels*, and openly proclaim their purpose to subjugate us, simply because we claim the right to interpret the *Constitution* for *ourselves*, though they loudly claim the same privileges for *themselves*. When we found that the difference between us and our Northern brethren rendered it impossible that we could any longer live peaceably under the same government, we sought by all honorable means to secure such a compromise as would make us separate nations, each interested to maintain, with regard to the other, the kind feelings of good neighborship. But our propositions for a

compromise were treated with scorn and contempt; and we were made to understand, by many *indirect*, but at the same time, *practical* demonstrations, that we must submit to the will of a *majority*, whether that majority should conform to the Constitution, or govern its course by its own sectional interests, and selfish ambition.

3. *I am here*, because I believe that *defensive* war is justifiable. True, nothing can be plainer than that war in itself is unnatural, and would never come to pass, if all men should observe the law that bids them love others, as they love themselves. But when my fellow man so far forgets this law, as to assail my personal rights, my property or my friends, the same law which binds me to love him, requires me to *compel* him if in my power to respect all my rights. The present war, is on our part, emphatically a war of defence; and would not lose its *defensive* character, even if in prosecuting it, we should find it necessary to advance into the very midst of the enemy's territory. Camp-life has no charms for me; nor would I seek the battle-field, for its own sake. To dwell in the midst of my loved ones at home, would be far more agreeable to every feeling of my heart, than to encounter either my present, or prospective experiences. But, more than all other earthly good, I covet for my friends, as well as for myself, the privi-

lege of choosing the civil institutions under which we live. To secure this privilege *I am here*; and would regard myself as unfaithful to my country, and my country's God, if I should for a moment shrink from the just responsibilities of a soldier's position.

4. *I am here*, under a stern sense of duty. I am impressed in some degree (may I be more and more so) with the obligations that rest upon me as a soldier. My health must be cared for, my morals must be guarded against the seductive power of evil examples, and all the duties of a soldier I must faithfully discharge. I owe all this to myself, to my friends, my country, and my God. Determined then, to occupy my place here, with honor to myself, with comfort to my friends at home, and with some advantage to my country's cause, I cheerfully consent to be a soldier—to lead a soldier's life—to bear a soldier's burdens—to die, if need be, a soldier's death. God grant that I may never fail of the *true* soldier's spirit!

5. *I am here*, not knowing what destiny awaits me. Many, (O how many!) through the exposure of camp-life, contract diseases, which they would probably have escaped had they remained at home; and dying far away from home and friends, now lie buried in a "stranger's grave; while many others (O how many!) fall in the

midst of the dreadful clash of arms, and scarcely find a decent burial. And who am I, that I should escape from both these contingencies ! This thought may well awaken emotions in my bosom, which some would consider unmanly. To me they seem rational, and worthy of one who believes himself, as I do immortal ; and I will, therefore, strive to cherish them—and yet I desire ever to bear in mind, that everywhere God is with me. Putting my trust in Him, if I must fall in this campaign, whether by disease or by violence, may those who witness my end, have it in their power to testify to the dear friends that survive me, that I “died at my post.” With such feelings and sentiments *I am here* ; and committing myself, for time and for eternity, to Him who stands pledged to men and angels, that those who trust in Him shall be sustained in their cause, I desire quietly to await whatever His wisdom and goodness may appoint.

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## ADDENDUM.

Soldier ! The writer of the above lines, who has one son, and several near relatives, and many, many dear friends in our armies, would fain put one more thought into your heart : and O how

it would swell his heart with love to you, and joy in you, if he could learn that upon reading the above lines, you should cry out with heartfelt enthusiasm to your comrades around you:—

“*I am here*; and if God spare my life and health, *here I intend to be*, until my country no longer needs the work I am now doing. I did not volunteer for a holiday amusement. I did not come to camp seeking ease. I came to aid a good cause in danger, and while the danger continues. *I will be here*. What if others prefer to stay at home, and make money. while I am passing through these toils! Will *their* failure to discharge *their*, duty, excuse *me* from *mine*? What if, either by the culpable neglect of unworthy officials, or the slender means possessed by the Confederate Government, my physical wants have been scantily supplied, and my hardships have thereby been increased! Do my sufferings make my country's cause less dear to me? Shall I desert a cause, for which I have already suffered so many privations? No! no! no! Perish the unworthy thought! Come, comrades, here's *in for the war*! I have drawn my sword, and thrown away the scabbard; and my sword is not to be laid down, unless wrested from me by the hand that is stronger than all, until the nations of the earth (including the proud, boasting *North*) shall confess that we are not “Rebels,” but a nation of freeman, that “know our rights, and knowing, dare maintain them.”

# Your Soul---How to Save It!

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BY A MEMBER OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

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My dear boy, you have a soul. Your soul is in danger. Your soul is worth more than a world. Your soul is worth more than ten thousand worlds. If you lose your soul, you lose all. If you lose friends, you may get other friends. If you lose your wealth, you may get other wealth. If you lose your soul once, it is lost forever.

You may save your soul by coming to Jesus, Jesus died to save you. He died on the cross for you, to save you from sin and from hell.

O, will you not come to Him, and trust in Him, and make Him your surety and your friend, and live with Him forever?

Heaven is owned by those who love Jesus. If we would live in heaven we must love Jesus.

O, begin to love Him now, and love Him on forever.

Do not lose your soul. It is of priceless value. Do not love the world. It will lead you into sin and folly, and ruin your soul forever.

Love Jesus, and he will bring you safe to Heaven.

Do you ask, how can I love Jesus? How can



you help loving Jesus? He gave His life for you; He endured the bitterness of the cross for you; He went to the grave for you; He rose again for you, and now He pleads in Heaven for you, that your sins may be pardoned, and your soul saved.

O, love your Jesus now—love Him on forever. Receive Him in your heart, and He will lead you to glory.

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